

goddess of personified flesh

by Jerry Ratch

And yes, I may be the goddess of personified flesh, the same little goddess of curled locks, of little sleep, on fire, ablaze. With my sudden weakness, stoppage of breath, pulse cut short, leaving the wrist.

And you of stolen, fraudulent face, troubling a thing with mere body, stolen and fraudulent. You who could force your strength upon the little soul, timid in a dish. An enemy beside you, broken.

Clearly you were such, the fortunate cat in a happy fever, stretching itself and praising your feet. Those other women mewling at your feet, pawing at you. I saw them lighting on your shoulder, like little birds. But I was that fabulous bird, that plaything, that trinket of yours.

But all these pretty knees, all these kinds of things youth's used to! To itch, to feel sexual desire, bright, joyful beneath the north wind. Having skin that revives with the daylight, the breeze, breath, the life, the soul in the voice!

